

THE BLIND MAN'S HOPE

On me the world has darkly frowned,
And cast a withering blight ;
Afflictions clouds overspread my sight,
And hide the morning light.
Misfortune, too, has aimed at me
Her most envenomed dart,
And all her weapons brought to bear
Upon my broken heart.

But still, through trouble dark and deep,
I strive with all my might,
While all the broad creation round
Is gloomier than night.
Though oft my spirits seem to sink,
And hope yield to despair—
My strength is from the mighty One
Who hears the blind man's prayer.

From the one cup that's mixed for all,
(Where pleasure's mixed with pain,)
The bitter portion I have drank,
The sweet must yet remain !
Through many pleasant future years
May happiness be mine—
And no corroding griefs assail,
To mar my peace of mind.

Where thorns were wont to throng my path,
Grow roses in their stead,
And on the breeze that fans my brow
A soothing fragrance shed :
And when to other worlds I'm called,
And bid farewell to this,
May all my sorrows be assuaged
In everlasting bliss !

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